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The Boston magnates ordered from Hiram Powers a bronze statue of Daniel Webster *in his citizen's dress*, and because Hiram Powers took that dress over to Florence—hat, coat, trousers, shoes, and all—and perfectly reproduced them in bronze, these magnates get mad, and “artistically” make fools of themselves. We dare say, Hiram Powers would be glad to re-cast the work according to his own ideas of artistic proprieties. Why don't Boston give him the privilege if it is dissatisfied with “citizen Webster?” Speaking of this statue, Mr. N. P. Willis, who attended the inauguration ceremonies, remarks:—“The secret of one's first disappointment in this work of Art, I have since concluded, was truly as well as graphically expressed, later in the day, by that most genial of humorists, the author of the ‘Gringos,’ to whom I was remarking that the bronze fell very far short of Webster's personal presence. ‘But think,’ said Wise, ‘how any one would look, whom you had been in the habit of seeing as a white man well dressed, stuck up there with a pair of sheet-iron trousers and a verdigrease complexion?’ And, it is not only that we have not been used to see Webster with a brass-colored face, but that the sunlight, in falling upon the new bronze, ‘glazes,’ as the artists say, producing all manner of perversions of the real lines of the features. I was obliged to change my point of view several times, for instance, to get rid of a funny pug peak which the glancing light gave to the nose. Age may improve the ‘verdigrease,’ but it is, at present, a most chequered misrepresentation of a gentleman's complexion.”

Wm. A. Townsend & Co., publishers of Cooper's works, bring out the sixty-four illustrations by Darley, drawn for the works of the great novelist, in a new form—in eight folios, each folio containing eight of the engravings. Each plate will be faced with a page of letter-press descriptive of the scene illustrated; the illustration to be an artist's proof, printed before lettering the plate, on India paper. The folios will be published by subscription, at three dollars each. As the number is necessarily limited to five hundred copies, the lover of American art will do well to secure an early copy. These illustrations are engraved by Alfred Jones, the Smillies, Rice, Hinshelwood, Phillibrown, Girsch, Marshall, Paradise, and others—in line, the purest style of the art of engraving.

H. H. Leeds & Co., lately sold at auction, the valuable collection of James Robb, Esq., of New-Orleans. It was one of the finest offerings of paintings ever made in this city. The catalogue comprised works by Goltziere, Poelemborg, Le Brun, Baptiste, Baron Gros, Carl and Joseph Vernet, Snyder, Andrea Del Sarto, Salvator Rosa, Giulio Romano, Rubens, A. Carracci, Bassano, Cuyp, Teniers, Van Ostade, Mignard, Leopold Robert, R. Wilson, Coypel, Weenix, Couturier, De Heim, Corbould, Kensett, Durand, Huntington, Inman, &c., &c. Many of them were from the Bonaparte collection.

It is proposed to erect a statue to Horace Mann, on the State-House grounds, in Boston.

Of the foreign art items which lie before us, we are only able to give the following:

A number of interesting drawings and manuscripts by Michael Angelo, have just been discovered at Florence.

Several eminent French artists are at present actively employed. M. Horace Vernet is terminating a picture representing Napoleon I. surrounded by his Marshals; M. Yvon has completed his designs for the pictures of the battles in Italy; M. Beaucé is painting an equestrian portrait of Marshal Canrobert; M. Jouffroy is at work on a marble statue of sculpture; M. Dumont is busy on the model of a statue of Alexander Humboldt; M. de Nogent is terminating a statue of Gen. de Lourmel, which is to be erected in Napoleonville; and M. Megret is commencing one of Massena for the city of Nice.

M. Mariette, in his travels in Egypt, has discovered the tomb of a queen, princess, or some opulent person of the olden time. Near the mummy of the departed was found a multitude of objects and ornaments, very valuable as to material, but still more so for their elegance, taste, and workmanship. This unexpected discovery was at once designated for the future museum of Cairo; but, as some of the articles required mending and cleaning, the viceroy requested M. Mariette to get this work of restoration executed in Paris. He, at the same time, permitted him to show the said curiosities to the amateurs of the French capitol. It was in that way that the Academy of Inscriptions had the advantage of seeing spread out for its inspection an almost complete Egyptian toilet of the time of Cleopatra, Semiramis, or some other celebrated beauty. There were coronets, necklaces, earrings, bracelets, pins,

and rings, all of which, for purity of design and form, elegance of ornamentation, and delicacy of workmanship, surpass all conception. One of the most remarkable articles was a gold necklace, formed of bees with outspread wings, which must have produced a most charming effect on the neck of a pretty woman.

THE MARTYRDOM OF JOHN HUSS.

GLORIOUS are many of the triumphant specimens of the Dusseldorf Gallery of Paintings several of which are now on exhibition at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. A powerful picture converts the past into the present. But, ah! that so mournful a drama as the martyrdom of John Huss, who was burned alive at Constance, July 6th, 1415, after receiving the solemn promises of the Emperor and the Pope for his safety, should have ever furnished a subject of vivid pictorial history, with all the excruciating terrors of such a sacrifice! Huss, the admirer of the writings of the English Wickliffe, who first advocated the then coming reform in religion! Let us not, however, be misunderstood on this point; for we blame not the men who directed these persecutions so much as the bigotry and superstition of the times in which they lived. To use a sentiment of Gibbon, we ought not to judge of historical events by the moral standard of our own day, but rather according to the prevailing opinions of the times in which such events occurred. Thus, it will be admitted that the holocausts offered up by Torquemada, the Grand Spanish Inquisitor, who lived nearly four centuries ago, could never be perpetrated again, especially in these modern times. Pass we by, however, all philosophical reflections on the subject, for they are painful. Lessing's picture of the martyrdom of Huss is grand—nay, awful—whether we consider the cruelty of the faithless execution, or the sublime resignation and devotion of the sincere, yet not enthusiastic victim. There he stands, amid the scoffs and insults of a mocking crowd, his noble figure thrown into bold relief by the sky, regardless of the executioners, the fagots, the torch, the pyre, the presence of the Duke Ludovic, who ordered the agonizing death, or the Bishop and Cardinal in the foreground, who sanctioned it. So magical is the delineation, that we see, we hear all that is

passing around—we admire and almost adore the inspiration of the Christian martyr's spirit, as he elevates his eyes to heaven, where, doubtless, the incense from the altar-stake at which he died with faith, and hope, and constancy, and courage, was as acceptable to God as was that of Abel's offering in the earliest ages of mankind. The blood of Huss and many other religious heroes, sealed the reformation of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and purified the Church by which they were persecuted. In the foreground is a sympathizing crowd, who gaze on the fearful preparations with anxious eyes, and yet they timidly conceal their emotions, from a fear alike of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities who are present, and directing a scene that is calculated to thrill the soul of the most hardened and callous. See the young girl who tearfully contemplates the tragedy, while she covertly conceals her rosary behind a jutting rock! Every lover of the fine arts, of religion and history, should visit this life-size painting at the Academy; remembering, at the same time, that they are not witnessing a representation in the year 1859, but that they are contemplating a reality, A. D. 1415. It is, perhaps, the most vivid specimen of the imitative arts that has ever been displayed in this city. There are six other paintings of the same school, among which "A Castle Invaded by the Puritans," "The Poacher's Death" and a "Storm at Sea," are truthful and powerful. Yet (the Castle scene excepted) they are all, notwithstanding their excellence and beauty, lightly passed over after an examination of the masterpiece we have faintly described. The "Martyrdom of John Huss," by Lessing, is a scene that will for years be regarded as impressive, suggestive, and instructive. It is a living, and yet dying tragedy, never to be erased from the memory of a beholder.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

DEATH OF AN ARTIST.—Alfred Copestick, the marine and landscape painter, met with an untimely death on the 28th of August last, while out on his summer sketching tour. He shot himself by accident, and died within a few moments of receiving the charge of shot in his breast. Mr. Copestick was a young man of rare promise in his profession, having given proofs of genius which have not failed to attract attention. He was but twenty-two years of age at the time of his decease.

EXHIBITION OF FOREIGN PICTURES.

Influence on Our Taste and Judgment.

THE French and English exhibition at the Academy of Design, in this city, is attracting no little attention. It embraces many very fine paintings from eminent hands. The Bonheurs, Biard, Brion, Couturier, Isabey, Schlessinger, Ary Scheffer, Muller, Tassaert, Troyon, Fortin, the brothers Frère, Gerome, Lambinet, Bida, Knaus, Le Poittevin, &c., &c., representing the French school; while the British artists are, the great Sir Edwin Landseer, Millais, Holman Hunt, J. F. Herring, Linnell, Poole, Solomon, Stanfield, Wallis, &c., &c. A collection of the works of such painters, could not well fail of commanding attention.

We rejoice at the exhibition of these works in our midst, for the double reason that they expand the popular knowledge of art greatly, and give our own artists something for study and emulation. A wonderful progress has the public made, in the last five years, in its capacity of judging properly of art; the exhibition of the superb foreign pictures here has had very much to do in the matter. Not the least good result has been, that our native artists have had to study hard and paint hard, in order to satisfy the demands and tastes of their patrons: as a matter of course, American Art has taken marked strides forward.

It is a very shallow pretension for an artist to make (as, we are sorry to say, some do) that he is unacquainted with works, whose excellences he is expected to emulate: an ignorance of these imported masterpieces savors either of stupidity, or of egotism which is contemptible. The more sensible and most successful of our artists, however, do watch these new works, and do study them very closely, indeed. The Dusseldorf Gallery, with its magnificent canvases, from the studios of Lessing, Sohn, Hildebrandt, Hasenclever, Becker, Steinbrück, Gude, Camphausen, Schrödter, Hubner, Leu, Andreas Achenbach, Carl Muller, Köhler, &c., &c., &c., has been a perfect mine of wealth, of which native artists have availed themselves to a very large extent, and the influence of this collection is perceptibly traceable in the taste of the public as well as in the works of our studios. The introduction into this country of this celebrated gathering of the

great modern school of Art, was, indeed, an era in our art-progress. The success of the enterprise led to the introduction, from time to time, of other collections, until now the public seem to demand an annual catalogue of first-class works from the Old World, that it may be kept "posted" in art-progress abroad, and enjoy the good things at its own door.

The day has gone by, when a poor painter can become popular in this country. Years ago, many persons—both male and female—won commanding positions in our literature by productions which, if first brought out at this moment, would not command a hearing—much less win a reputation. Why? Simply because the taste and intelligence of the people have passed their pupilage, and now are too critical to be misled into applause of mediocre efforts. It is just so in art: years ago men won a reputation and position who, if painting now, would not be recognized as worthy of any position above that accorded to the class which paints "cheap pictures." The army of artists is a host; and he who would now excel, and gain patronage and a name, must be a faithful and persevering practitioner of his art, a devoted student, patient in waiting for his time, and satisfied with the return. No egotism, no slight of hand, no tinsel in coloring, no assumption or dogmatism, can prevail to gain either position or patronage now, for our people are becoming too well qualified as judges of art, to be imposed upon by pretension.

Our advice to those who would follow art as a profession, is: make the most use of the treasures of European studios and galleries, which annually find their way to this country—study them, and learn in what their greatness consists. Once gain this most important knowledge, and you have both the principles and elements of true art. A study of years in the studio and field will, perhaps, be necessary to give you true power of expression, and without such study, no knowledge of what constitutes others' greatness, will avail: both are necessary, and both are now very feasible. Nothing stands in the way of infinite progress; and we expect to see the genius of this country making as grand strides in art utterance, as in literature and physical development.

[Want of space excludes a carefully prepared notice of the Exhibition at the Academy. Some pictures there deserve all attention which can be given to them.]